

No 84

FUNNY ANIMALS



PRESTO!
A HATFUL OF ZOOMING
FUN AND LAUGHTER
with
HOPPY AND MILLIE
Plus: ATOMIC MOUSE



WEB COMIC
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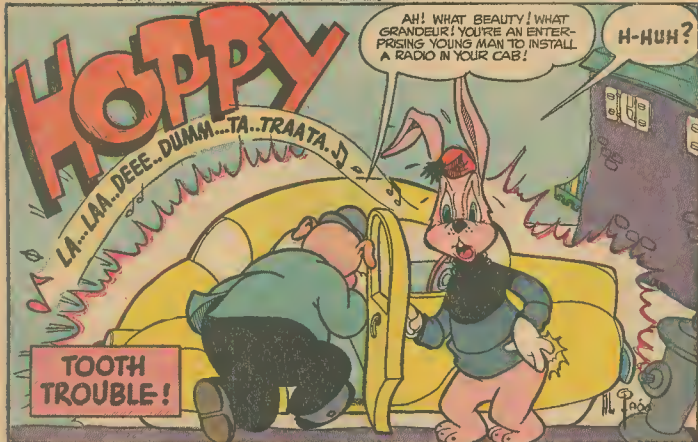


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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words: A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
EHI! dig this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LAURE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • THE THING • SIX-GUN HEROES
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



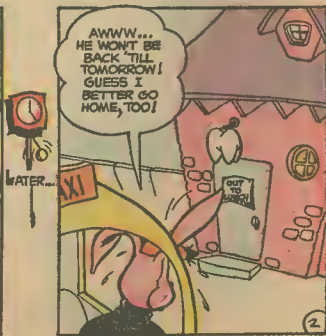
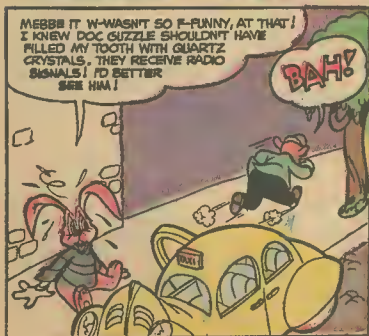
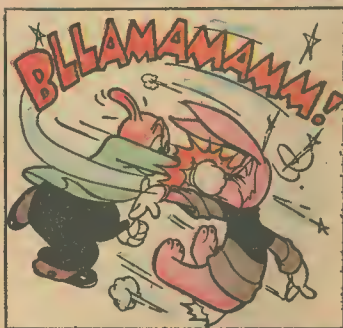
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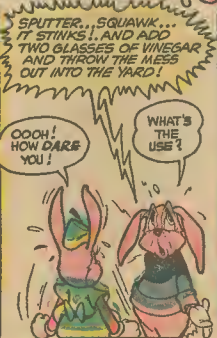
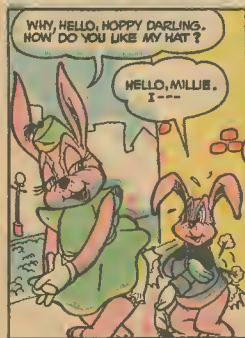
IT'S TOO LATE FOR TEARS, MUSTER!
OOOH---MY BRAND NEW TAXI!



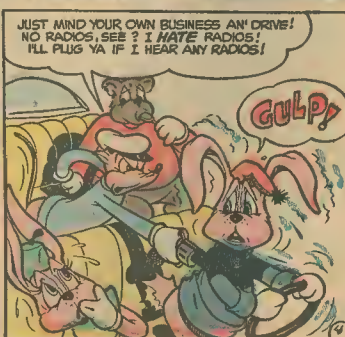
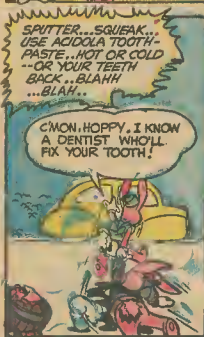
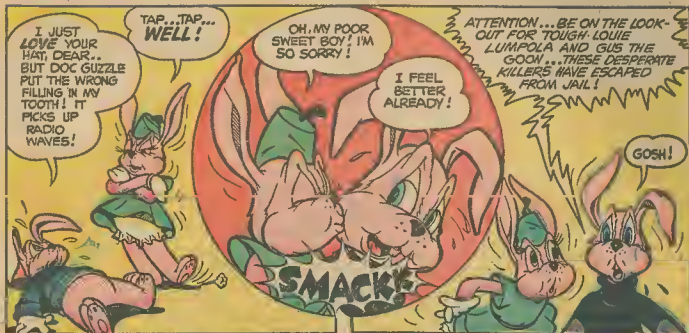
...SPUTTER...SQUAWK...
DO YOU HAVE EARLY MORNING BLUES? USE POISON LITTLE PILLS!



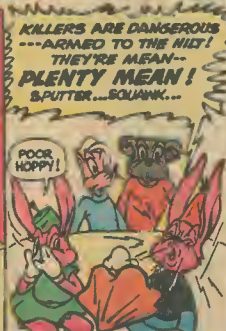
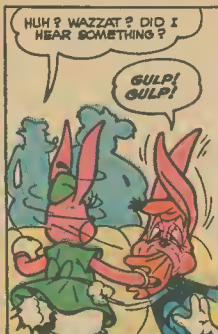
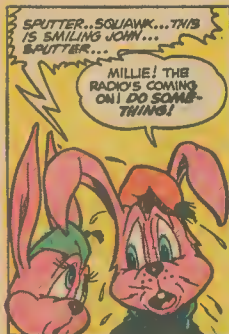
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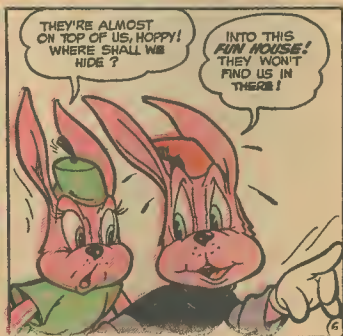
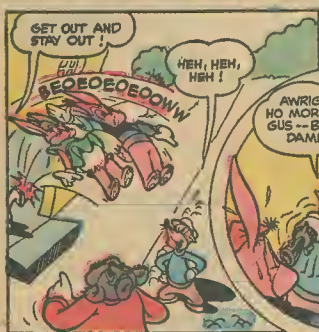
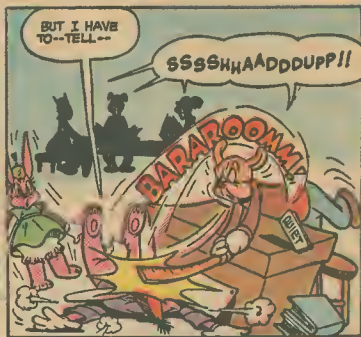
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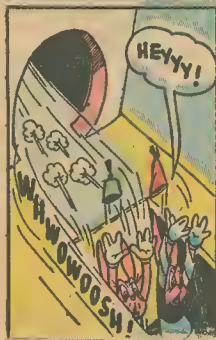
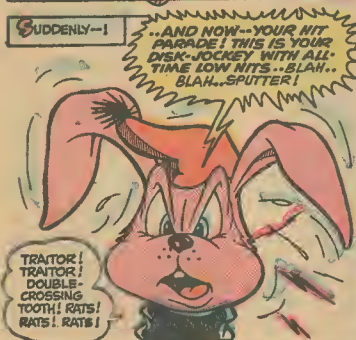
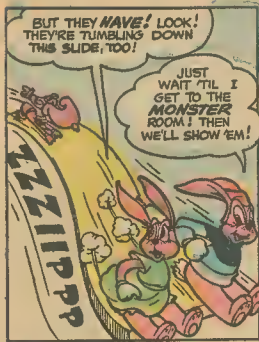
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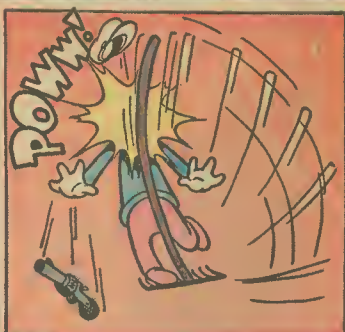
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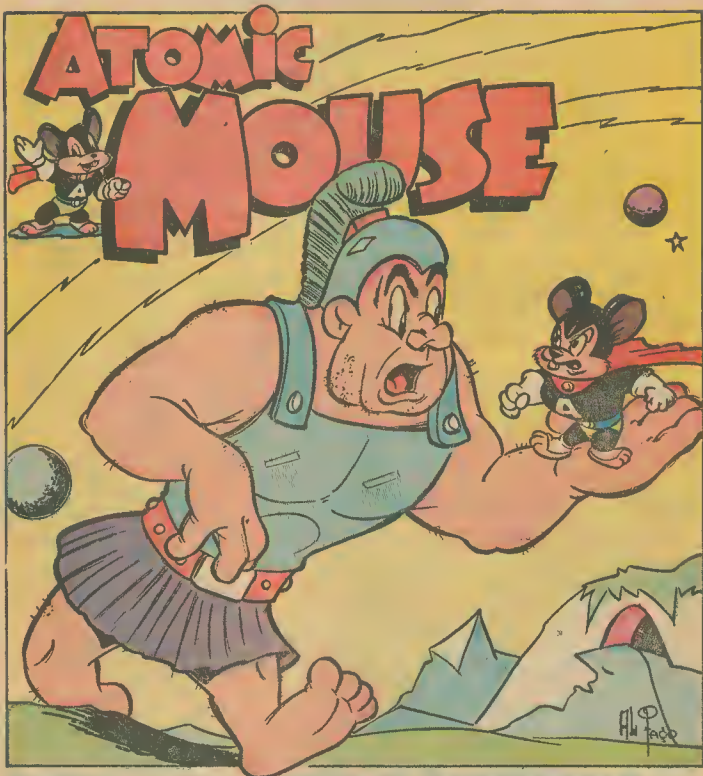


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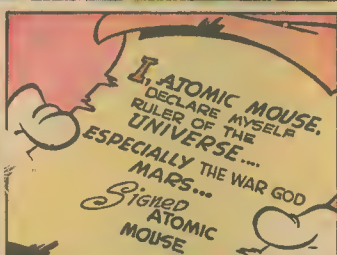
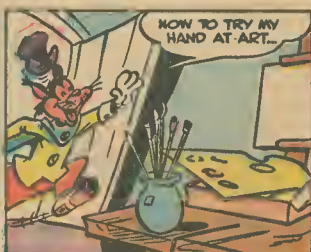
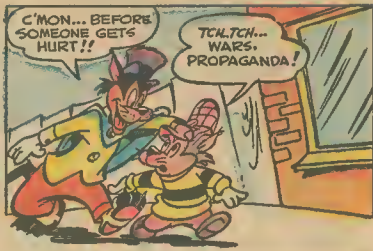


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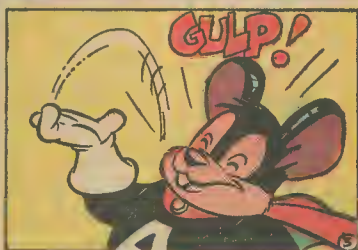
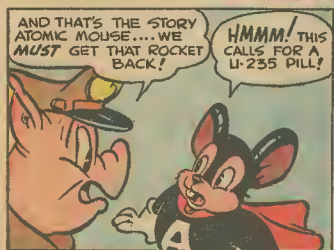
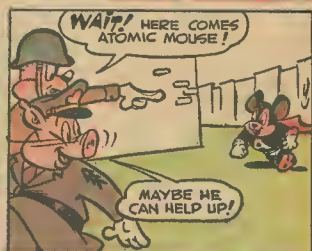
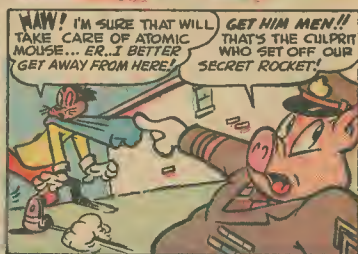
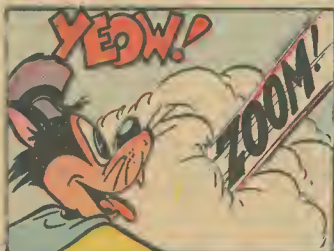
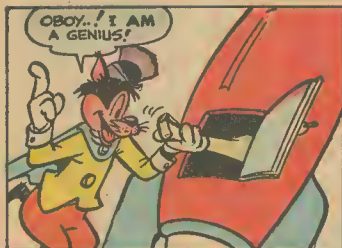




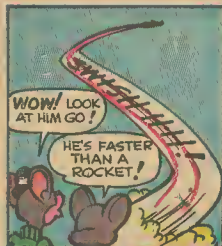
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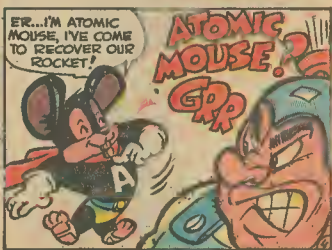
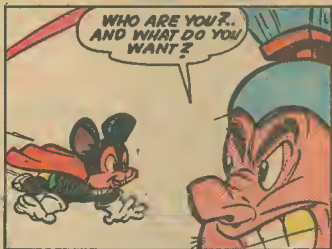
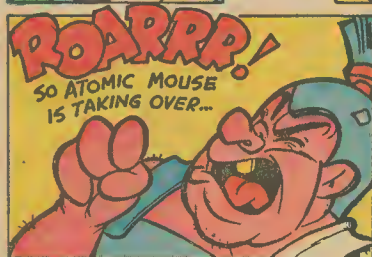
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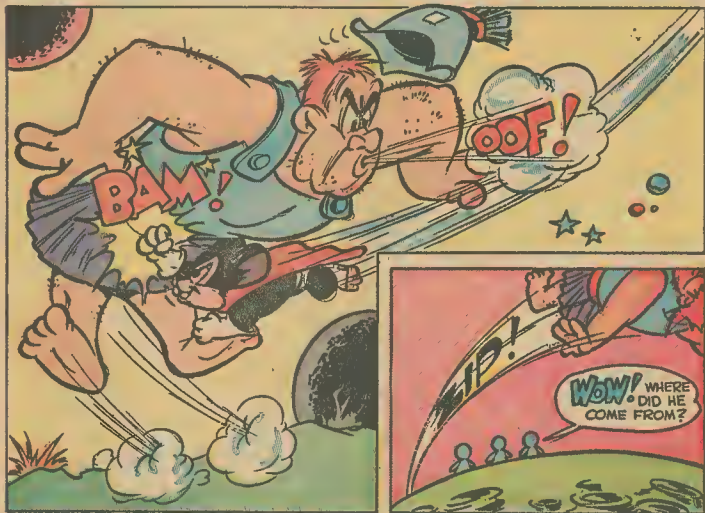
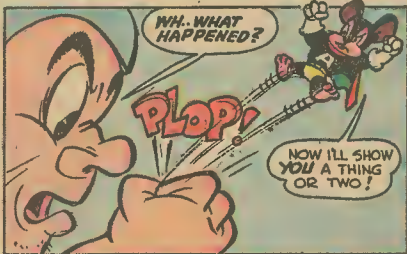
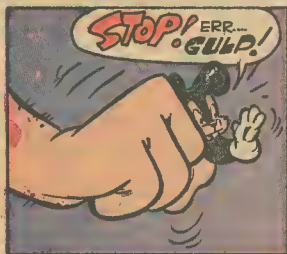
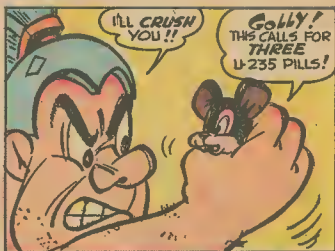
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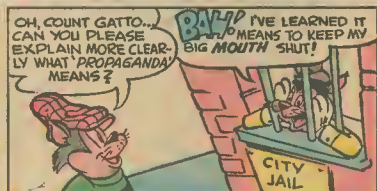
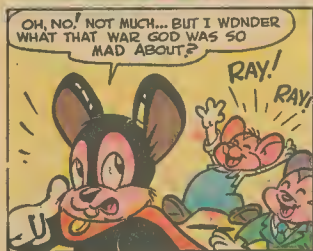
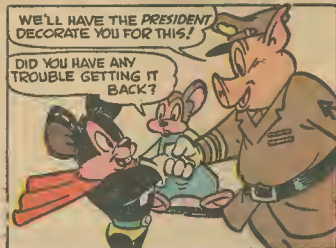
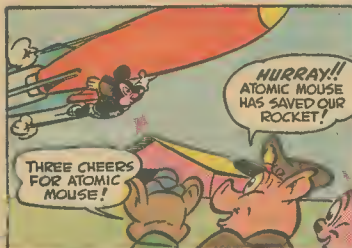
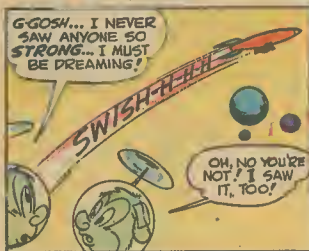
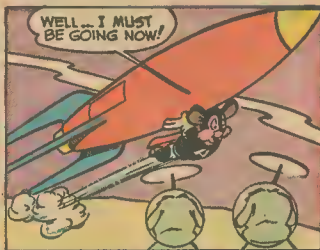
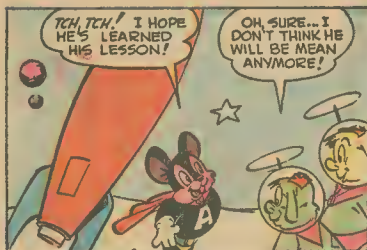
OF COURSE THE WORLD'S FASTEST ROCKET DID GET A HEAD START, BUT LET US SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING ON MARS...



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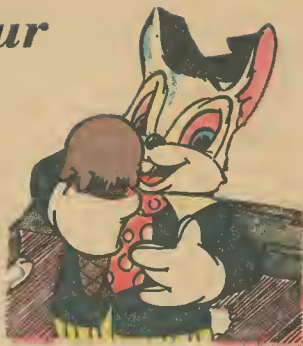
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FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF ATOMIC MOUSE AND COUNT GATTO IN ATOMIC MOUSE COMIC... AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

The End

"Bucky's Sour Hour"



The sound of a little girl rabbit crying awoke Old Oscar Owl rather suddenly from his usual daytime nap. Old Oscar was at his regular perch high in the biggest oak tree in Happy Forest, when he awoke. He could tell it was Pinkie Rabbit from his high perch, but he didn't know why she was crying.

Old Oscar was one owl who really wanted to know everything, so that he could live up to his reputation as a wise old owl. With this thought in mind (and also because he did want to help), Old Oscar fluttered down to the base of the big oak tree.

"Hellooo, Pinkie. Why all the tears? They won't help your troubles any. 'Bout all they're good for is to help water my oak tree, and even then they don't help much!" declared Old Oscar.

"I know, Mr. Owl," sobbed Pinkie Rabbit, "but I can't help it. Bucky Bunny splashed mud all over my new dress as he passed on his bicycle."

"Oooo, come now, Pinkie, it can't be as bad as all that! Dresses can be washed, and a quick rinse will make that one as good as new," said Old Oscar.

"That isn't what's really making me cry, Mr. Owl!" wailed Pinkie. "What makes me mad is that he didn't even say he was sorry! He just had a sour look on his face and rode off!"

"Ohoool," ohoed Old Oscar, "So that's it! Why, little Bucky has been sour on wamon for quite awhile now, yesireebab, quite awhile." Old Oscar said this wisely, as if waiting for Pinkie to ask him more. He was proud of his knowledge of everything that happened in Happy Forest and enjoyed hoving people (and especially little girl rabbits) ask his advice and opinions.

"You mean he isn't just mad at me? He just doesn't like girls and women?" asked Pinkie.

Pleased now — for this gave Old Oscar a chance to tell a story — the wise old owl adjusted his glasses a bit and then said, "Noooo, Pinkie, Bucky isn't mad at you in particular, but at women in general." The wisdom of this statement made Old Oscar's feathers fairly bristle with pleasure. He went on.

"It isn't a long story, but it is an interesting one. Would you like to hear how Bucky Bunny came to dislike wamen?"

"Oh, yes," said Pinkie, "please tell me!"

"Well, it all started last summer, during that laaong heat wave that withered all the top leaves in Happy Forest. My, but that was a hot spell! Even the Duck family had to leave their pond because the water got so hot. The heat lasted a whole week, as I remember.

"Anyway, on Tuesday of that week, Bucky was at his usual spot in Uncle Ted Bear's Ice Cream Shoppe. He was doing the smart thing, finishing up an ice cream soda. Being extra hungry for ice cream this hot dry day, Bucky was about to order up a dish of vanilla, when he suddenly realized he had no more money.

"When he found he had no money, he wanted the ice cream more than ever. He asked Uncle Ted if he'd extend credit. Now, Uncle Ted Bear is a generous fellow, as you know, but one thing he doesn't like to do is keep books. Giving credit would mean he'd have to keep track of it, and so Uncle Ted said no to Bucky. He said it politely and with a smile, but he did say no. And that meant Bucky was not about to get that delish dish of ice cream.

"Well, Pinkie, just about the time Bucky thought his tongue would reach his boot-tops for want of some smooth, cool ice cream, the phone rang.

"Mrs. Beaver was calling the Shoppe to tell Uncle Bear she had left a package there instead of carrying it home as she had planned, and she wanted to know if he could have it delivered for her. Uncle Ted said he'd see what he could do and hung up the phone.

"Hey, there, Bucky", Mr. Bear called, 'here's a way you might earn some money for ice cream! Take this carton over to Mrs. Beaver's place'.

"Of course Bucky grabbed the white quart carton from Uncle Ted Bear without a second

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thought. He was a hungry-for-ice-cream rabbit, but he wasn't a lozy rabbit, nosireebobl! He stopped only long enough to get the right address and away he went on his bicycle, holding the paper carton by its wire handle.

"He hurried with the package through the dusty heat of the road, figuring the faster he got there, the more Mrs. Beaver would give him. Shucks, he'd settle for half the carton he was carrying, or even a small part of it. He wondered if she'd give as much as 25 cents, rather than ice cream. He wondered what flavor it was, whether it was chocolate ice cream or vanilla or strawberry or — oh, my but the thought of a dish of good cold ice cream on this terrible hot day almost made Bucky faint with anticipation—uh—that means he was eager, Pinkie."

"Yes, Mr. Owl," said Pinkie, eagerly listening. "Please go on!"

"All right, Pinkie. Just as Bucky reached Crabapple Junction, the 3:14 Limited crossed the tracks. They call it a 'limited' because it's limited to four cars and four miles an hour, you know. Well, the limited threw a broke shoe just as it was passing the junction and stalled across the tracks. Of course you could imagine Bucky's feelings!" said Oscar Owl.

"Oh, yes! Poor Bucky must have been going wild by that time. What did he do?" asked Pinkie. Her eyes were completely dry now, and so was her dress. She lightly brushed away all traces of the mud. In doing so, she seemed to mentally brush away all thoughts of anger at Bucky Bunny.

"Well, Pinkie, you know how Crabapple Junction is laid out. The only way around a stalled train is across that flooded gully. Bucky had to swim the gully on his back with the white carton balanced on his tummy. It meant leaving his bicycle, and it meant he'd have to run the rest of the way to Mrs. Beaver's home. After all, he didn't want the contents to be ruined by the time he got to her house."

"To make better time, Bucky cut through Porky Porcupine's back yard—and you know how mad that makes Porky! Porky came out of his house bristling mad—and he came straight at Bucky Bunny with his barbs out! Bucky took off across the ground like a shotgun shell, looking backward so as to stay away from old Porky's needles — when WHAM! He tripped

over a brick and went sailing through the air as pretty as you please, happy to escape. Porky's pin-cushion — only to land on a barbed-wire fence!" Old Oscar laughed at this.

"Was he hurt badly?" Pinkie asked with feeling.

"Well, he didn't ride his bicycle for about a week afterwards — let me put it that way. Anyway, it took him about five more minutes of hard running to get to Mrs. Beaver's home, but he made it. Bucky was worn and torn and hot, but the package was still in good shape. There was no sign of any ice cream melting through it at all!"

"Mrs. Beaver was very pleased with his fast delivery and asked him into the kitchen. She even offered him some of the contents of the carton," said Old Oscar.

"Then he got his ice cream?" yelled Pinkie.

"Nooooo," said Old Oscar. "What she told in front of him was a dishful of sour pickles! Mrs. Beaver had left the pickles in Uncle Ted's Shoppe while having a soda and had forgotten it. Bucky had just assumed it was ice cream, and no one had bothered to tell him she was carrying a carton of sour pickles!" chuckled Old Oscar Owl.

"Did he eat them then? Gee, he must have been mad," exclaimed Pinkie.

"Well, Pinkie," Old Oscar went on, "no one knows exactly what happened then. I never did hear Bucky or Mrs. Beaver talk about it. But I do know that from that day on Mrs. Beaver has hated rabbits like poison, and Bucky — well — he's sour on women and pickles. And I don't know what's ever going to change him."

About this time a sty look came over Pinkie Rabbit. "Well, now that I know that about Bucky, maybe it wouldn't hurt to try to change his mind — about women and girls, anyway," she said.

"How's that?" questioned Old Oscar.

Pinkie answered him over her shoulder, as she happened briskly homeward. "Oh, nothing," she said, "except that everyone says I make the most delicious ice cream in the forest!"

And that, incidentally, is how Old Oscar found out that there's only one thing smarter than a wise old owl — and that's a woman. Any kind of a woman.

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1913, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 7, 1940 (Title 30, United States Code, Section 251), SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF "FUNNY ANIMALS," published bi-monthly at Greenwich, Conn. for Sept. 26, 1968.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher — Edward Levy, New Haven, Conn.

Editor and Managing Editor — Byron M. Levy, Greenwich, Conn.

Business Manager, John Sautenghis, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent of more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual owner, must be given.)

Byron M. Levy, Inc., Chariton Bellfairs, Derby, Connecticut

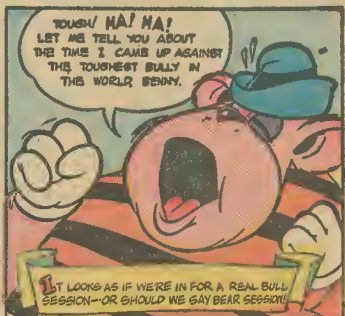
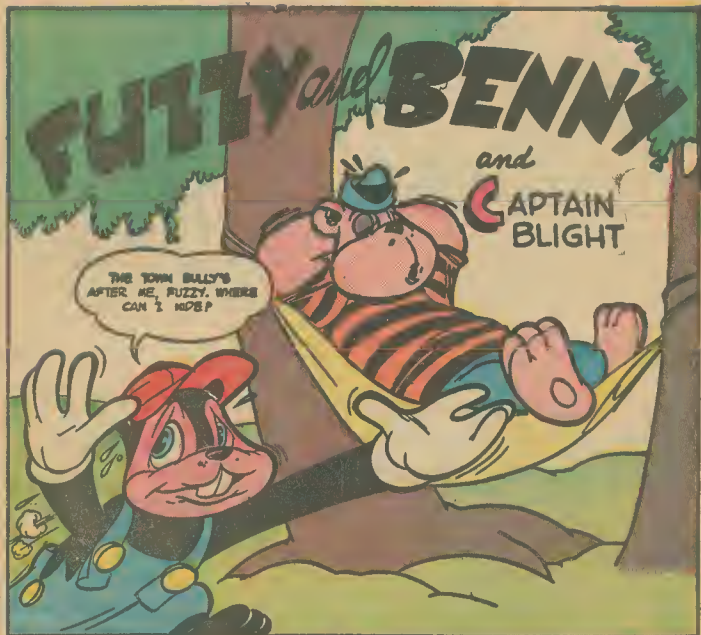
Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut

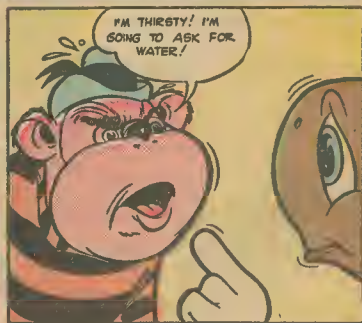
John Sautenghis, Derby, Connecticut

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

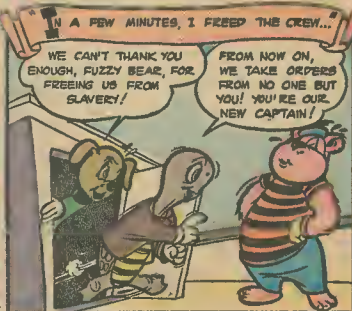
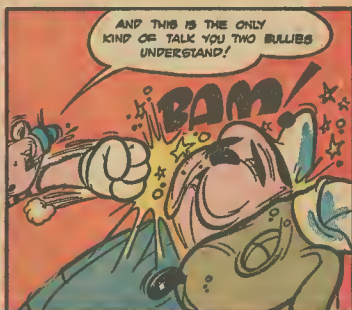
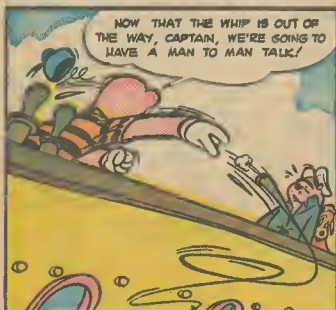
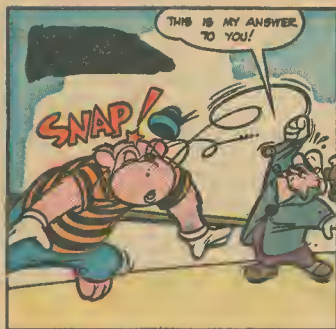
4. Paragraphs 1 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs above the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond holders and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

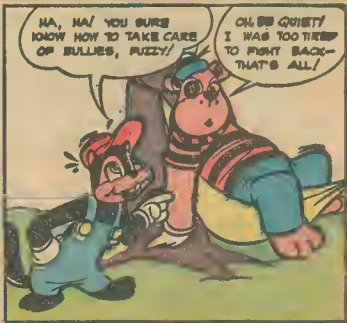
5. Owners to and transferred before this 29th day of September, 1968.
(SEAL)
BUKTON M. LEVY, Editor
Sydney Shindoff (Horary Public)
(My commission expires April 1, 1977)





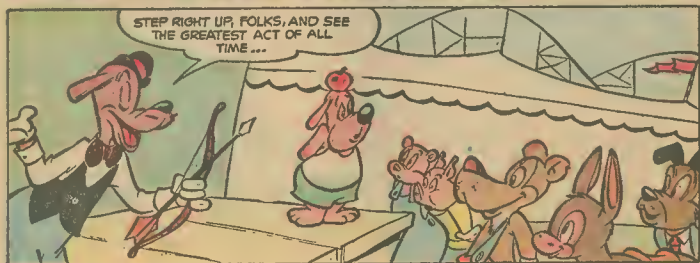




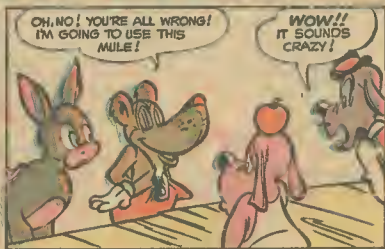
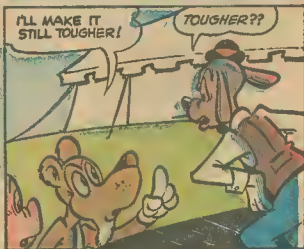
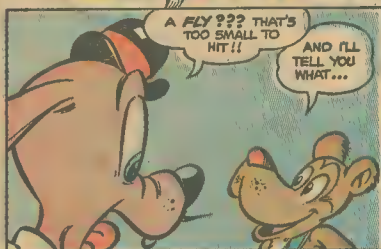
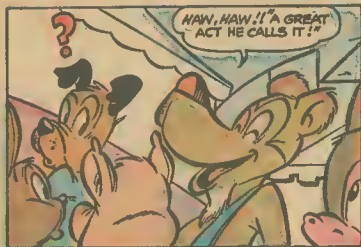


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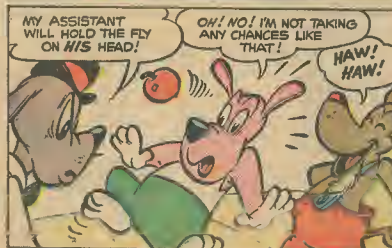
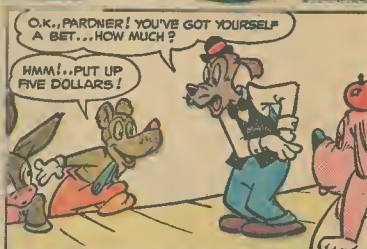
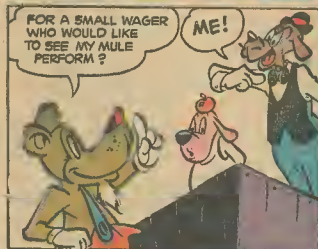
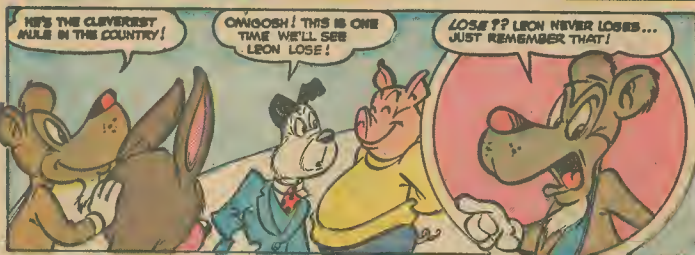
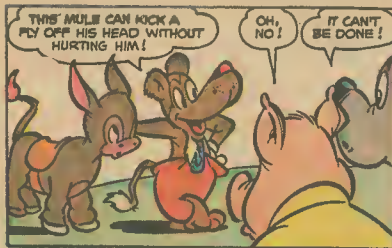
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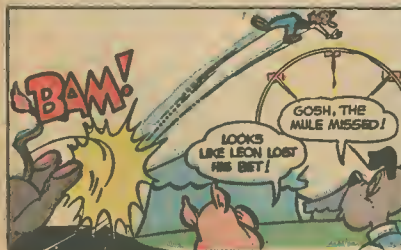
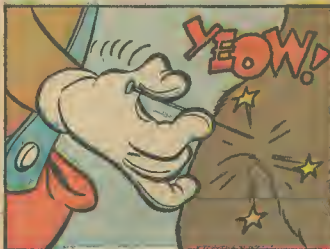
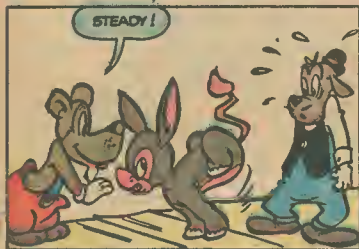
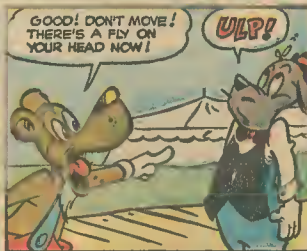
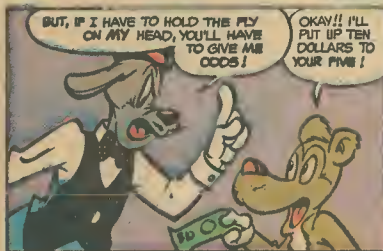
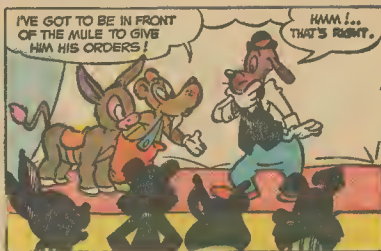
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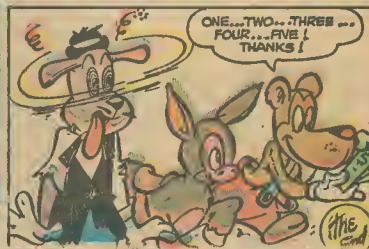
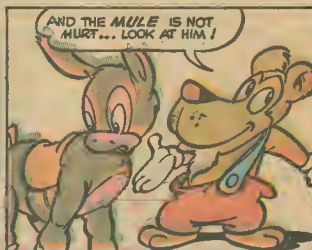
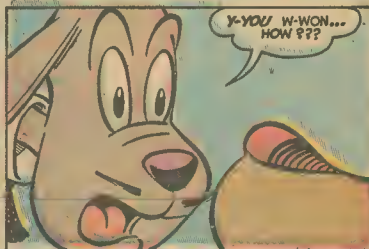
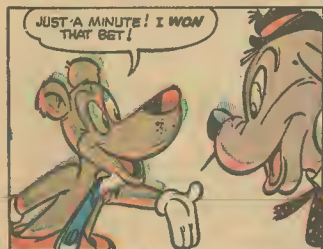
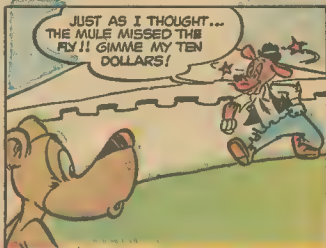
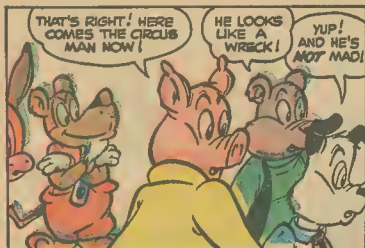
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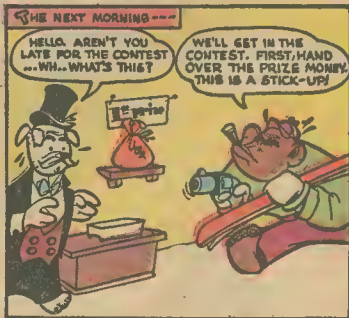
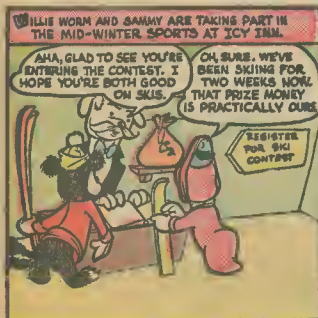
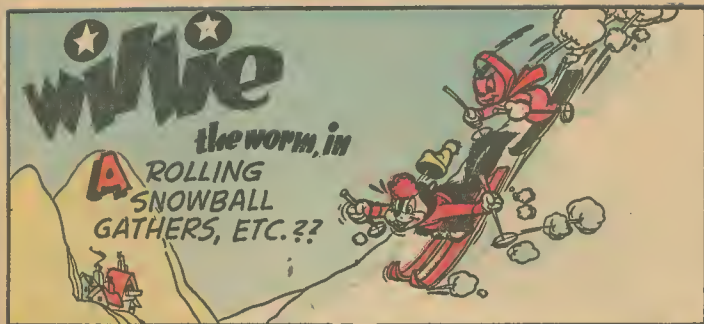


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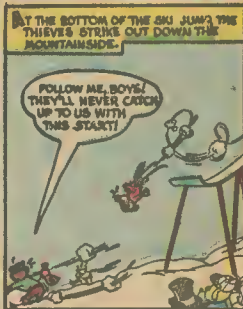
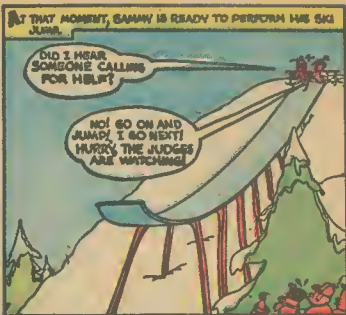
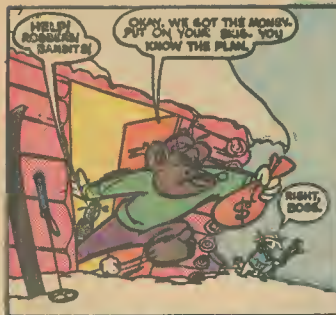


FUNNY ANIMALS





FUNNY ANIMALS



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WILLIE TUMBLES FROM THE SKI JUMP, AND LANDS SMACK IN THE FRONT SEAT OF AN EMPTY TOBOGGAN.



WILLIE'S FALL STARTS OFF THE TOBOGGAN.



MIGOSHI! HOW DO YOU STOP THIST! HELP!

I CAN'T LOOK! THIS IS THE END! OH, GOODNESS ME!



BUT JUST A LITTLE FURTHER ON---

NOW WE CAN TAKE THESE SKIS OFF AND GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON SNOWSHOES.

YEAH. WHAT A GETAWAY! PERFECT!



WHAT TH.. OWOO!

LOOK OUT.. UGH!



OOOOH, MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?

COME ON, BOYS, WAKE UP. GRAB THAT WORM!



Y.. YOU BETTER GIVE THAT PRIZE MONEY BACK!

HAW-HAW-HAW! LISTEN TO HIM! LET'S FIX HIM NICE AND COMFY. PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON HIM!



SO LONG, CHUM.

NO.. WAIT. BR-R-R-R I'LL FREEZE HERE.



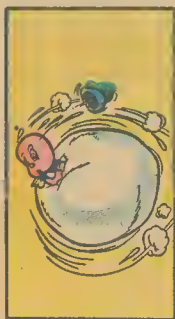
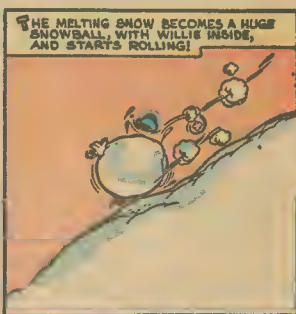
BUT AS SOON AS THE THIEVES LEAVE, THREE SNOWBIRDS DESCEND.

SNOWBIRDS, CAN'T YOU HELP ME? UNLOCK MY HANDCUFFS BEFORE I F..FREEZE!

OH, GOODNESS ME. HANDCUFFS! NO, WE CAN'T UNLOCK HANDCUFFS!



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STYLES**

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Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without one cent of cost and collecting **EXTRA CASH** besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Dress Size..... Age.....

FREE!

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I want to give you the choice of a whole lot of prizes, an archery set, new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-pack catalog. Many prizes are given without cost. Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per pack.



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Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.

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Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Name

Address

City

State

Zip

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IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND HERE'S THE MALARKEY WITH OUR PRIZES.



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